

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



NOVEMBER 1948



WHAT DO I DO NOW?

It's mighty upsetting to find yourself on a high stool with such a queer, talking thing in your hand. So the youngest member of the Liu clan objects. His parents are part of the growing, new convert movement in Wuchow, South China.



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Hard-driving missionaries
left this chaplain breathless

A Tribe with Taking Ways

by Chaplain (Capt.) Edwin J. Duffy

MOST of the men who served with the Army or Navy in the Pacific theater met missionaries at some time during their tour of duty, and many of them still talk about these pleasant experiences. They speak particularly about the cheerfulness of priests, Brothers, and Sisters who lived amidst daily hardships that made Army life seem luxurious. What impressed me even more than their cheerfulness was the ability of the missionaries to do the impossible. They seemed to go about moving mountains as if it were all part of a day's work.

I remember Father John, an Immaculate Heart Missioner from Belgium, who was the size and shape of Friar Tuck. He was stationed at a parish in Northern Luzon, some dis-

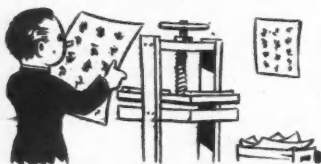
tance from our hospital. He used to come to the hospital every month or so and would walk about the area, as much at home as the commanding officer himself. I think our hospital was the base of operations for Father John's many schemes.

One of the projects that he was working on at the time was the obtaining of a new chapel to replace his parish church, which had been destroyed. He had seen a chapel on our base and decided that it would suit his parishioners perfectly. The difficulties in getting the Army to declare it surplus, and then turn it over for civilian use, would have daunted a general. But they did not phase Father John. Nor was he worried about the task of taking the chapel apart and having it transported to his parish, about sixty



miles away. Here, almost literally, was a mountain to be moved. Father John went about it as nonchalantly as if he were trying to borrow a pair of sneakers.

He came into the office one afternoon and asked if a jeep were available to take him to another part of the base. A soldier who had given him a ride down the mountains from his parish had given him the name



of an officer who had something to do with the chapel. Father John wanted to see the officer.

He came in about a week later. This time he wanted to use the telephone to call another officer. Everything was going fine. The Army had already given him the chapel. Now all he needed to do was to get the chapel up to his parish. It all seemed simple.

A month later Father John was at the hospital to get a final fitting on a set of false teeth. Father John got the teeth and came over to the office to let everyone have a look at them. "The best teeth I ever had in my mouth!" he declared.

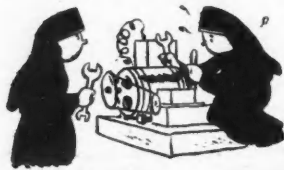
I asked about the chapel. The new chapel was wonderful. It was already erected right next to the site of the old church, and the people

thought it was fine.

How the chapel got to his parish was quite a story. It had been dismantled at the base by a detail of G. I.'s, and then carried by Army trucks up the rugged roads into the Mountain Province. The trucks took the chapel as far as the road went — but that was still several miles from Father John's parish. From that point, the parishioners, sturdy Igorots, had carried it piece by piece on their heads, up the steep mountain trails.

Father Prudent Monfette, a Canadian Franciscan stationed at Nagasaki, Japan, also moves mountains. A large brick hospital run by the Franciscans had been burnt out and made unusable by the blast of the atomic bomb, which landed about two miles away. Father Monfette and the Franciscan Brother stationed with him have already built another hospital, next to the old one. It is not a large building, but it was put up when construction costs were extremely high. Father Monfette did the necessary begging, borrowing, and cajoling; the Brother did most of the building.

Father Monfette also publishes books. He has already had Bruce Marshall's *The World, the Flesh and*



Father Smith translated into Japanese and run off the presses. It was published and printed by a general distributing house in Japan, and will be read by Japanese who know nothing at all about the Catholic Church. An interesting part of this publishing apostolate is that Father Monfette will receive a share in the profits on the books, and will be able to finance some of the needs of his hospital. Other books that he hopes to have published are *Pack Rat* by Bishop Kelly, and Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom*.

One very hot afternoon in the Philippines, I met two Sisters walk-



ing along the road as I was driving up towards Base "M" Headquarters. I stopped, and the Sisters climbed into the jeep. As we rode along, the conversation went something like this:

"I'm going to Headquarters, Sister. Is that on your way?"

"Yes, Father, that will be fine."

"Are you going right to Headquarters?"

"Yes, Father."

"Are you going to see the Catholic chaplain?"

"No, we're going to see the colonel."

"Do you know which colonel you

THE AUTHOR

Father Duffy before entering the Army was a Maryknoll neighbor in Ossining. He spent 18 months in the Philippines and a year in Japan. He is now stationed at Our Lady of Mercy Parish in New York City.



want to see? There are quite a few colonels there."

"No, we don't know his name. We want to get a generator. We don't have any electricity, and we thought that if we could get a generator, it would be very good."

Now, asking a colonel for a generator is like asking the bus driver to give you his bus. One of the few things that colonels cannot do is to give away Army property. I met only one who did, and at the time of our meeting he was in an Army stockade looking out. I might add that I was looking in.

About three months later, I had occasion to visit the Sisters' convent and talk to the two Sisters I had met on the road. Approaching the subject cautiously, I asked if they had gotten in to see the colonel. They had. Then I asked about the generator. The Sisters smiled and explained that the generator arrived at the convent a few days after they had seen the colonel. "And, Father," said one, "it's working fine!"

OUR ADDRESS? It is easy to remember.
The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.



The Story of a Grateful Snake

by Edward A. Koechel

SNAKES in these parts, the forests of Quintana Roo, are as common as mice or rats in an American dump. But what makes snakes a special nuisance is that they have the unpleasant habit of climbing up into the thatched roofs of the houses here, and then dropping down on whatever appears to them to be a choice morsel, animate or otherwise.

Living under these conditions, I should not have been surprised (although I was) when Chico, a Mayan Indian, asked me, "Padre, why did Our Lord tell us to be as wise as serpents?"

I fumbled a bit — then started the story of Adam and Eve and the serpent. Seeing that this was being received by Chico with a very doubtful look, I tried swinging into a narrative on the astuteness with which the snake stalks its prey.

As I talked, I began to wonder in my own mind just what is wise about the serpent. I ransacked my memory, trying to recall any article I had ever read about wisdom in the animal kingdom, and had to admit failure in remembering any that concerned snakes. Why, then, did Our Lord choose the serpent as a model of wisdom?

As it turned out, Chico was just letting me run the course of my

thoughts and words, while he was waiting to supply an answer of his own. When I had finished, I saw his face light up, and I knew something was coming.

"Padre," Chico said, "I really believe that the snake is the wisest of creatures. Let me tell you why."

"One day when my friend Juan and his wife were repairing the mud walls of their house, they discovered a nest of young snakes, just where the roof meets the wall. They removed the nest."

"A little while later, they saw the mother snake come back. When she discovered that her young ones were missing, she was very angry. She dropped to the floor of the house, where Juan's wife kept the baby's milk in a hollow pumpkin shell. Mother Snake spat her poison into the milk and then glided away!"

"Juan and his wife felt sorry for Mother Snake, so they put her nest back where they had found it."

"Soon the mother returned again, and this time joyfully found her young ones uninjured. Then she dropped again to the floor of the house. She crawled through a pile of ashes before going to the milk. Then she slid into the milk and through it, until it was so dirty, no one would drink it. Wasn't she a wise snake?"

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East Side—
West Side ...



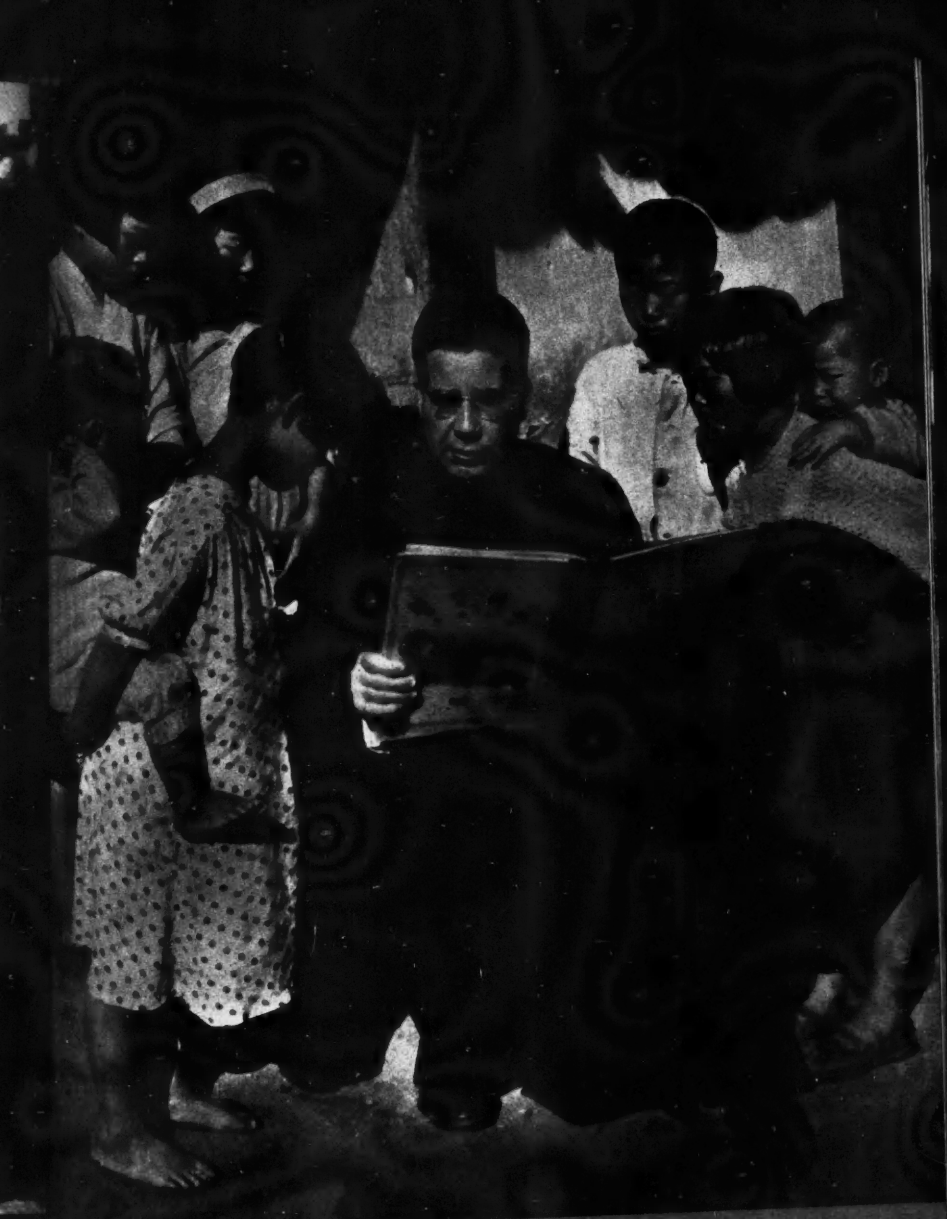
... ALL AROUND SEOUL

Father George M. Carroll is snapped among the Koreans

A PHOTO STORY



Maryknollers in Korea these days fight bravely to take advantage of their tremendous opportunities, especially in the fields of charity and education.



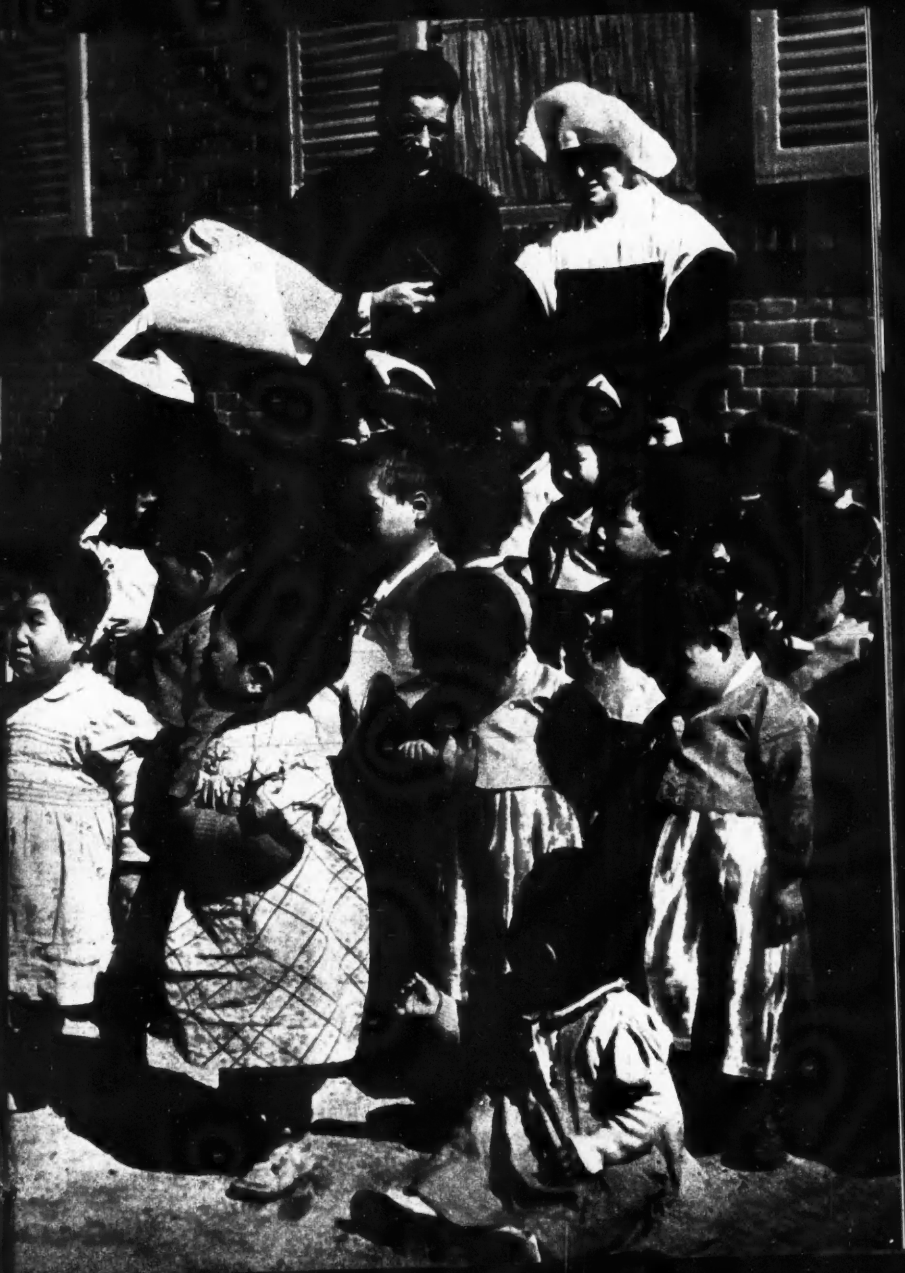
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Korea's 20,000,000 souls were well disposed before the war; thousands were baptized yearly. Reds threaten now, but the need is for missionaries.



Dire calamity may hang
 over the world, but these
 youngsters are quite ob-
 livious of it. French Sisters
 remained in the orphan-
 ages through all the war
 years, and by working
 miracles, they found food
 for their hungry charges.
 Huge quantities of relief
 supplies from Catholic
 and non-Catholic sources
 in America have reached
 Korea, and the Mary-
 knollers have helped to
 distribute them. In the
 picture at lower left,
 Father Carroll directs a
 local Korean seamstress.

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Even the tiniest tots were silent
in the solemn majesty of the forest



IN THE NIGHT WE BURIED SANTOS

Gorden N. Fritz

of the church bell told me that his end had come. I went to console his valiant widow, who had watched over him during the fatiguing

A WEEK previously I had heard Santos' confession and given him the Last Sacraments. Half an eye now told me he was dying. I gave him the Papal Benediction then and there, ordered the carpenters to make his coffin, and sent a couple of boys off to the rubber center to call his two grown sons. "Taita" Santos Mayo had served the Mission of Cavinás long and well and now he was passing to his reward.

I was in my house when the tolling

months of his final illness.

"Shall we have the funeral tonight?" I asked the village chief, a cousin of Santos.

"Yes, Padre. I think we should have it tonight. Silveria has been caring for Santos for a long time and it is time she got a rest."

The night was dark but star-lit, warm but not depressing. Shortly before nine o'clock, the ringing of the bell called what few mourners were not already at the house. There

was the usual procession of the shoulder-borne coffin. The chapel was near, but the cemetery was far.

I noticed that few of the people had brought lights. Happily, I thought of a big boxful of candle stubs in the sacristy. Thus the procession assumed the aspect of a poignant drama. Even the tiniest tots were silent and solemn as the wavering lights of the candles glistened before their bright faces.

With almost majestic dignity, the procession advanced. It would have fitted well the cortege of a king as it did fit well our dear friend Santos. He had lived with the honorable dignity that even the poorest of Indians often possess. He merited well the little tribute paid him that night.

As we marched through the leafy arcade that leads directly to our hallowed burial place, the darkness and the candles gave the file the aspect of an early Christian procession in the catacombs. At the side of the grave, it was even more

so. To my mild surprise, every man in the group answered all the Latin responses! They had long known them, I suppose, but only for Santos

did they feel the urge to bring them forth.

I found myself reading the prayers more slowly and carefully than I ever had before — as though it were my own father whom I was putting in that grave. The huge, lone tree and the tall, thin cross at the

cemetery's center, seemed to watch over the proceedings and protect us all. Santos in heaven must have looked down with pleasure.

Quietly I slipped away after the prayers, but I could not resist looking back and drinking in that sad but lovely scene. The villagers were still grouped around the grave. Some held their candles on high, to give light to those who worked. The earth — as always here — was all put back by hand, each man and woman reverently assisting. I raised my hand and blessed them all.

* * * * *

Whatever Maryknoll has done, has been done under God, by your support both spiritual and material. We have counted on your prayers. We have used your money always — we have none of our own. We wish to thank you for your constant, generous backing of our work.

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An Idea from Sally

SOMEONE asked Sally, a famous Negro schoolma'am, how she got things into her children's heads.

Sally replied, "First I tells 'em what I'se gwine to tell 'em; then I tells 'em; then I tells 'em what I told 'em."

Not a bad idea — to repeat and repeat: "Christ died for all; God hung on the Cross to save all; that all may know Thee, the one true God; God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son... who died for all... all... all."

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

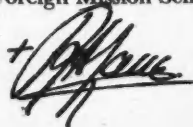
Twenty-eight years ago, the writer attended the first large-scale convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in Washington, D. C. In August he was privileged to attend the 1948 Crusade convention at Notre Dame. Many of the early leaders were present — Archbishop Beckman, Monsignor Freking, Father Clifford King, S.V.D., who first proposed the Crusade, Mr. Paul Spaeth, who has since dedicated himself to the work of the Crusade, and many others. Bishop Thill, who gave it its first drive, unfortunately could not be present. How much good has resulted from Father King's idea! Many Crusaders and many sons and daughters of Crusaders are now giving their lives to win the world for Christ.

The good results of the voyage made to the Orient last summer by Cardinal Spellman and his party are beyond calculation. There have been many reports of the fine impression made by the group. The numerous addresses given by His Eminence, Monsignor Sheen and others of the party were particularly effective.

What a change the years have brought! Such a journey would hardly have been practical when Maryknoll was founded. We may thank God for one good effect of rapid transportation and of a fast shrinking world.

His many friends among the hierarchy, the clergy, and the laity, will be happy to hear that Bishop James E. Walsh, former Superior General of Maryknoll, has returned to China, the land of his dreams. After a period of writing, during which he prepared two books on mission subjects (soon to be published), he crossed the Pacific with Cardinal Spellman. Now Bishop Walsh is happy to be working again among his Chinese, in a position in which he can accomplish much good for them. He assists Archbishop Riberi of the National Catholic Conference for China — an organization not unlike our own National Catholic Welfare Council.

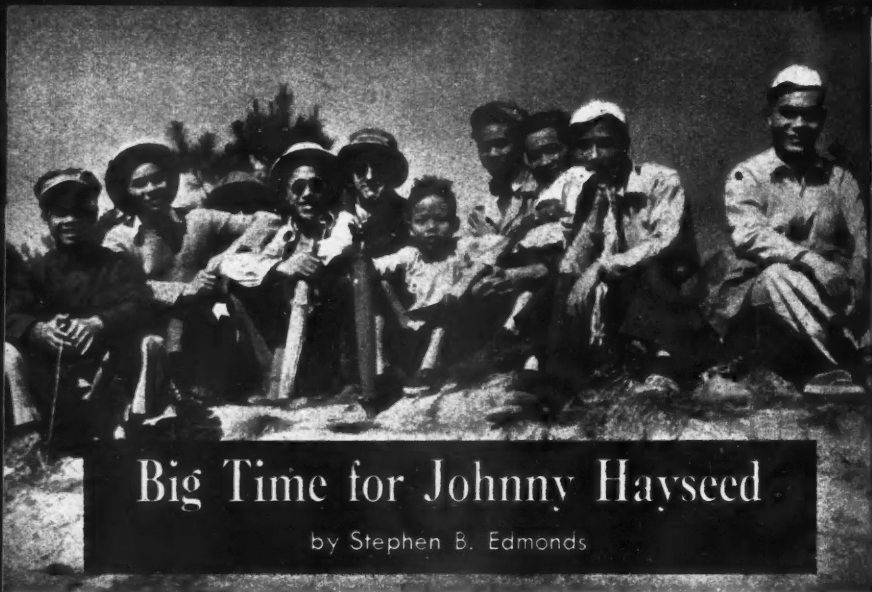
Bishop Escalante now leaves Bolivia for Mexico. This Maryknoller thus becomes a pioneer for the third time. His first work was in Manchuria. I recall the occasion ten years ago when, after completing a new mission compound, he remarked to me as his ordinary, "I am ready now for any other assignment you may wish to give me." God made him a missionary in Manchuria, a Bishop in Bolivia, and now, at the request of the Mexican Hierarchy, head of Mexico's new Foreign Mission Seminary.



The Cardinal Adds His Quota



During his recent journey through the Far East, Cardinal Spellman made a stop in Shanghai and enjoyed the privilege of ordaining the class of 1948 for the Shanghai Archdiocese. This group of young Chinese priests is but a small section of some hundreds of China's sons who are being ordained this year. Of almost 10,000 priests in China, over 3,000 can proudly claim Chinese birth.



Big Time for Johnny Hayseed

by Stephen B. Edmonds

Twenty-five miles
was a long way
from home

THE RECENT HOLIDAYS saw the Topong contingent on the road for the long-anticipated trip to Taiwan. Our group included the priest, the teacher, and all the boys, as well as some porters for the heavier luggage. It was a twenty-five mile jaunt, and for most of the boys it was the first trip they had ever made so far from home.

The long trek over the mountains proved too much for several of the smaller lads, and they had to be carried by their bigger companions for the last few miles. We stopped at Szwong, where Father McKiernan

gave us a great welcome. Shortly after eight o'clock, our youngsters stretched out on the attic floor, and soon all were fast asleep.

The following morning the boys were up bright and early, for Mass and Communion. Then after breakfast we set out for Taiwan, only an hour's walk away. There Father Moore's welcome was just as hearty as Father McKiernan's, and again the boys felt at home — although a bit uneasy. This was their first appearance in public, and because they are real country bumpkins, they were all feet and hands. Father Moore and his hundred students awed them no end.

A doctrine contest was scheduled for my boys, Father Moore's, and Father Donnelly's. Father Donnelly and his students arrived on bicycles, just before the contest hour, along with Fathers Graser and Buttino.

Much of the country in Maryknoll-in-Wuchow is mountainous. The journey from Topong to Taiwan wore out many a fragile Chinese frame; the older boys had to carry some of the youngsters over the last mile.

•

The Chinese teachers put up a brave fight in their basketball game with the priests but left the court badly beaten. In the photograph we see gray-haired Bishop Donaghy acting as center on the team of the priests.





For those with eyes to see, there was many a beauty spot

All the boys were nervous at being confronted, not only by six priests, but by a hundred or more spectators. However, in the first few rounds of questions, they found themselves and performed excellently. After an hour of difficult problems, there were still a number of boys who had not been downed. We decided to give one boy from each of the three missions a prize.

That evening the boys turned Shakespearean and put on more

Chinese plays than you could shake a stick at. My boys alone put on three. We lost track of the number Father Moore's boys produced. The plays were staged out of doors, on the ball field, before an audience of several hundred Chinese.

The second day witnessed the basketball games. My quintet swamped Father Moore's five, to the tune of 26 to 5. Then the Fathers challenged the Taiwan teachers, and trounced them, 19 to

6. The teachers opened up with a grand rush, and immediately invaded the Padres' end of the court. However, after bouncing off the heavy frames of Fathers Graser, Buttino, and McKiernan a few times, the poor pedagogues lost heart.

We journeyed back to Father McKiernan's mission for another night, and then went home the next day. Our Topong boys had the time of their young lives, and they will not forget this trip for many years.

Heavy Trade in Bubble Gum—"This morning four boys were poking through the grass in front of the mission. 'What are you looking for,' I asked. 'Paste balls,' one answered. He meant abandoned chews of bubble gum! I found that these boys were doing a lively business trading these precious wads for pictures, marbles and other things valuable to youngsters. Nothing hygienic about bartering chewed gum, but this is China."

—Father William Kupfer, South China

My Chungshan

GRANDMA



by

Thomas J. Bauer

I CALLED HER "GRANDMA" the very first time I saw her. Despite the differences of race and color, she reminded me of my own grandmother, as I remembered her. Chungshan Grandma came to us shortly after we moved into the town.

She was, without doubt, the first Catholic in Chungshan—in more senses than one. She had no living relatives. She owned the shop where she resided; her coffin was all prepared for her funeral, and her expense money was set aside. She had no wants except to prepare for heaven. She had been a Protestant for some years, and she said that she had been just waiting for the Catholic Church to come to Chungshan. (I never did get a satisfactory answer on how she knew about *the* Church).

"Granny," I asked, "just what do you want of the Church?"

"Just Jesus and heaven," was her smiling reply.

After that first visit, she scarcely missed a daily Mass or Benediction. She always walks directly to the chapel and right down to the altar rail, wobbling along on her cane. Then she prostrates herself for a few seconds, before seeking her pew.

One night we started night prayers

early. The reason wasn't very important—the weather was slightly threatening. When Grandma hobbled in, the prayers were nearing the end. The old lady said never a word to me—but that look! My own grandmother used to look at me like that, when I was caught at the cookie jar. After that evening, our night prayers were never started until Grandma was in her place.

I'll never forget the first Holy Thursday in Chungshan. There was doubt as to whether we should have adorers all through the day, for the Repository. Chungshan had only a handful of Catholics, and they were all new ones.

As it turned out, I need not have worried one bit. Grandma saw that there were always two Catholics in church before the Blessed Sacrament. She herself was in the chapel, on her knees, all the time. I don't think she left there even to eat.

That's all there is to my story. Such a story does not have a climax here on earth. It doesn't have a moral, either, except for the missionary.

Some day soon, Chungshan Grandma will be going home to heaven and her Jesus. There she will meet my own grandmother. I'd give a great deal, to be at that meeting!

The Unscrupulous

AWAY BACK in the time of one of China's ancient dynasties, there lived in the city of Canton a widow by the name of Wong. Her husband and her children had died in a cholera epidemic, and she was penniless.

Many people died of the dread disease that year, and the city officials were hard pressed to find women to care for the orphaned children. Posters were placed at the street corners, asking for volunteers, but so few women could read that hardly any came forward to offer their services. Finally the mayor sent runners through the streets, shouting that the government would pay a certain sum for each child that any woman would take to feed and house.

The Widow Wong heard the announcement, and then a wicked plan

began to form in her mind. She volunteered to take a group of children into her empty home, and the grateful officials willingly paid her the agreed price for each child. It was her plan to keep the money for herself, and to use as little as possible on the children.

Most of the orphans were sickly and would soon die. So much the better, thought the widow. She would be able to say that they had been sick when she got them. And because the government had given her no money to hire "watch-the-pulse men," no one could blame her for losing her charges. She even made plans to fill the vacant places with other orphans — at the same price.

However cruel her intention was, the widow knew that she would have to make a pretense of feeding the children in order to avoid suspicion. It was her custom to go to the fish market every day near sundown, and buy a little fish for herself, since fish was the cheapest food in that coastal city. She decided to beg the merchants to allow her to carry away the fish entrails that filled the buckets under their counters.

Since no one would purchase this refuse, the merchants were only too happy to give the contents of the buckets to the widow, and thus save themselves the bother of disposing

As greatness and
fame came in her
gate, Widow Wong
scaled back walls

Widow Wong

by James F. Smith

of the stuff at the end of the day.

Returning to her house, the widow daily threw the entire contents of the buckets into a large caldron, which she kept simmering over a fire in the kitchen. From this caldron, the wicked woman drew off a soup that became the sole diet of the little children in her charge.

But to her amazement, the emaciated little tots, instead of quietly dying, began to pick up strength. Faces once pallid and drawn took on the rich hue of health and filled out in soft curves. The scabbies that had covered the dry skin of their bodies disappeared entirely.

Word of the widow's wonderful success in restoring sickly children to health soon spread through the neighborhood. People began to ask her for the secret; some even asked to board their children with her.

Then she began to be afraid. She had been brought up to have a prudent respect for the devils that are continually chasing people through life. She knew that for many years she had been remiss about offering



incense sticks to the gods, and she reasoned that the evil ones were catching up with her. Neighbors added to the widow's woe by snooping around her kitchen. Fearing that her wickedness would come to light, she began to feed the orphans as well as she fed herself. Then the first prop fell out from under her plan, for this procedure cost her every cent that the government gave her. The widow's spirits dropped in proportion as her purse emptied.

Finally, the blow that ruined her came from the mayor himself. His little son, idol of his household and heir to all his wealth, began to fail in health. Armed guards were sent into every section of the Province to carry famous "watch-the-pulse men" to the bedside of the sick child. The mayor was frantic with despair, until one of his friends told him about the Widow Wong.

Turning to his aide, he cried: "She is the only one who can save my son! Go to the honorable Widow Wong and beg her to help me: Promise her anything she wishes! I will

United States Savings Bonds are welcome gifts. You can buy them in our name or list Maryknoll as beneficiary. Why not consider this way of making money work for God and country.

give her half of my wealth, if she will save my son."

As the panting guards turned into the street, the widow saw them coming. Her conscience warned her that the visit meant no good for her, and when the guards stopped before her door, she was sure of it. "This is the end!" she told herself. "They have found out about my trickery and have come to kill me."

While the mayor's aide was climbing down from the sedan chair, the widow was scurrying through the house. When the aide knocked on the front door, she was going over the back wall. No one knows what then became of her. Some say that she threw herself into the Pearl River; others say that she became a Buddhist nun and ate nothing but vegetables for the rest of her life.

Today the unscrupulous Widow Wong is only a legend among the people of the Canton Delta. If she had been more honest, science might have credited her with the discovery of the medicinal value of fish-liver oil.



Ah-King and His Shoe-Shine Boy

AH-KING was once a seminarian. He became tubercular and spent five years on his back. His tuberculosis cleared up but he got spine trouble and is now bent almost double.

He lives presently in a sea-village two miles from church. He gets to Mass on Sunday when the tide is out, thanks to the ingenuity of a shoe-shine boy from Canton whom Ah-King has adopted as a son. This boy has rigged up a box on runners, a sort of mud-sled, and when the water is low he pulls Ah-King across the mud flats to the chapel. — *Bishop Paschang, Kongmoon*

Michael~

Not so Blind

by William J. Collins

HERE in Maryknoll-in-Africa, a blind man leads the blind, but they are not falling into the pit. Not with Michael to lead them. Michael has been sightless since he was a small child, but he gets around very ably.

When the Maryknollers arrived, who was assigned to them as language professor but Michael! At first it seemed strange to have a blind man as teacher, but he was quite a remarkable one.

After we had studied with him for several months, the time came to take an active part in the work of the mission, and Michael was released. He was a bit downhearted, because he loved to come to the mission every day, even though it meant a five-mile walk. He asked if it would be possible for him to teach catechumens. A new section was to be opened in the catechumenate, and we decided to try Michael.

The experiment worked. Among all the catechists, Michael is best; he knows how to teach and to keep his class alert. We feared that people might take advantage of him — that one might answer for another. But Michael, with a blind man's highly sensitive ear, can easily detect the



difference in voices. A few catechumens tried sneaking out the door and staying away for a while. But Michael soon stopped that; he merely closed the door and stood with his back against it.

When Michael comes to teach, every day, he is led by one of the school children. He finds his own way into church and stays there for an hour. Then he goes home with the school children. He drops into my office first for "a remedy for a chest cold" — which means a cigarette.

He comes to Communion every Sunday, finding his way to the Communion rail and back to his bench unaided. His knowledge of the Faith is startling, and we have to go into some deep points of theology if we wish to puzzle him.

Yes, Michael is blind. But anyone who hears that throaty chuckle of his, and witnesses him teaching those with perfect sight, soon realizes that this blind man isn't so blind, after all.



What to Give for Christmas

IF YOU have a friend who is interested in travel, why not give him or her a year's subscription to Maryknoll, The Field Afar? Our magazine is filled with stories and pictures of far-off, exotic lands.

If your friend is adventurous, Maryknoll, The Field Afar is for him. Its pages pulse with stories of danger and hardihood on three continents. There is hazard in the front lines of the Faith.

If your friend is a Catholic, he will rejoice in reading about the great work our Church is doing to spread God's word today. If he is not a Catholic, he will be glad to know what American young men are doing to win friends abroad for our way of life.

Maryknoll, The Field Afar is a gift in the spirit of Christmas. Your money serves twice: it gives the magazine to your friend, and the Gospel to the world. The subscription price is \$1 a year, or \$5 for six years.

A card, bearing your name as donor, will be mailed to each name on your list, to announce that Maryknoll, The Field Afar will be sent as your gift.

Fill in the blank below. If it has not enough space, write extra names on a separate sheet and pin it to the blank.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

Enclosed find \$....., for which send Maryknoll, The Field Afar for one year to each of the following:

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You'll Like My Neighbors



I live in the heart of Middle America's classic jungle, but there is nothing strange about my people. Flora and Melissa, whose photos appear above, live a long way from any modern city, but they are as gracious as the nicest young ladies of any parish in the U.S.A. So are my other neighbors.

A PHOTO STORY BY ROBERT E. LEE ➡

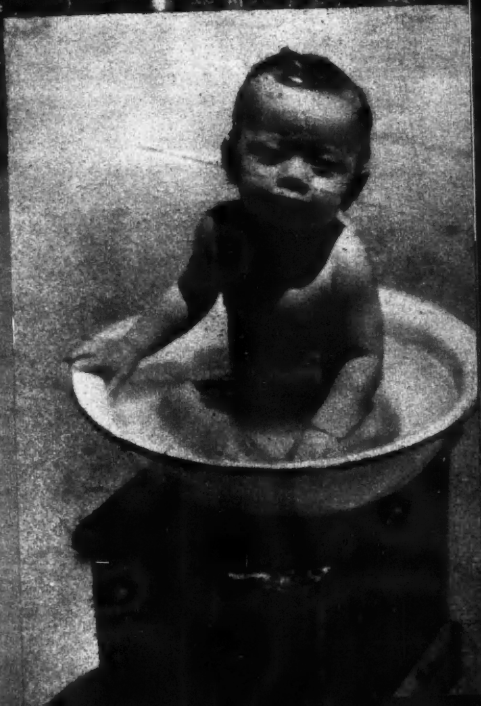


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Sits over the Mission Fence

I play my camera on the young folks, whom I see on every side of me. In the upper left is Diego, whose father is a man of parts, head of a chicle-collecting company. Emilio, in the upper right, likes his job of watching the nets. The young ladies in the lower left are Mayas, carrying their graceful pitchers to the well. Then there is Pedro, who philosophically accepts a daily bath before the public.





Jungle Family Men

A few of the men who drift into the chicle country belong to the lost legion of ne'er-do-wells who make movie characters and villains for adventure stories. But most chicle workers are quite otherwise. The village mayor — whom I captured with my lens as he was about to have a shave — doesn't come to Mass every Sunday, but is far from bad. Each of the three in the lower left has a soft spot inside. Mateo and his family in the upper right are full-blooded Mayas. And here am I, waving from the corner. 'Bye for now!

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Take Up Your Pew and Walk

Kaying's answer
to growing pains



by Bishop Francis X. Ford

CHINA HAS a lot of natural inclination for inventing. It's the one country left on earth that's sane enough to be original. So when, at the end of Mass, Father McCormick made the request that each and every able parishioner should take up the pew on which he sat and carry it in procession, that request did not sound too odd to the congregation.

Of course, the business was conducted with liturgical flourishes. Vested in cope, and towering like Saint Boniface before the druids' oak, the pastor sprinkled holy water on each group as the different sodalists came, two by two, burdened with a pew between them. He even improvised a "*Procedamus in pace*," the signal for the procession.

The old men and women were given the lighted candles from the altar, the missal and altar cards, the stations of the cross, and holy water stoups, to carry. The carpets were lifted in their dusty clouds of glory, and the sanctuary rail was taken in sections. The younger men and women raised their pews and, led by cross-bearer and acolytes, in somewhat unliturgical procession moved through the fields and street.

It was the momentous translation of the parish church, from the rented building to the new cathedral basement. At a decent interval, the pastor followed with the Blessed Sacrament; and then a new life began for the parish of Meihsien.

For twenty years this parish has been nomadic, renting temporary quarters wherever possible. It started in a small house, with six Catholics comfortably seated in the one room under the pastor's bedroom. It progressed to a dwelling that would seat fifty; then to a former bus station that would hold one hundred; and finally to the last house, with a covered patio, which squeezed in the four hundred.

During these last twenty years, we have always shared the house with a non-Christian landlord. The daily superstitions of the pagans often

clashed with our liturgy. Holydays seemed to coincide with the landlady's threshing of rice at the door of our "church." As for the lung power of neighboring infants—we could write a book on that!

The new cathedral basement is bright and cool and spacious — three adjectives hitherto obsolescent in our memory. Our basement is not really underground, because we planned to have the cathedral high enough to avoid the annual floods. Eventually the basement will be used for doctrine classes; it will serve, also, as a hotel for hundreds of our Catholics who live in the mountains, who can come only for the "big" holydays and who need overnight accommodation. There is human as well as spiritual satisfaction in giving God a dwelling of His own. The first Mass in our own building actually made

A FITTING MEMORIAL
is a room in a Maryknoll Seminary. A plaque on the door will remind the priest or student occupant to pray daily for your beloved one. Offering \$500.

all the faces in the congregation glisten with smiles — a revelation of delight, in which the clergy shared. Even though the floor is still soft

underfoot, and the walls are rough and whitewashed, the building is God's own house in this large city, and it was bought and paid for by the Catholics of the diocese. It represents their patient working and waiting, through many years.

With the basement roofed over, our collection from the local Catholics is exhausted, so years may elapse before we shall be able to erect a real cathedral overhead. But at least God is at home and receiving His faithful Chinese in His basement dwelling. The Church is really rooted in Kaying. If peace is granted us for a generation this corner of China may well become a stronghold of the Faith.

After Mass, Father McCormick asked each one to take up his pew and walk



EDITORIAL:

Four Roads for Humanity

Quadruple Choice

There is not a great deal of choice when it comes to deciding where the future of humanity lies. Among the schemes and plans of world welfare that have been imagined or attempted in two thousand years, four represent present actualities.

One is the sentimental fancy, founded on complete ignorance of the pertinent facts, that advocates leaving one and one-half billion pa-

gan people in their present condition of untrammelled stagnation. That means leaving them to a future of constant oppression and misery; confirming them in their existing state of spiritual and material degradation; and abandoning them forever, as victims of their own incapacity to achieve a better life. It is a plan advocated only by those who either do not know, or do not care, how other people live.

Technological modernization is another movement that has its sponsors. It is also a plan that has been tried and will continue to be tried, but its fruits and its shortcomings as a means of elevating pagan people are already apparent. It puts better tools in their hands and wrong ideals in their hearts; and it ends by making them a menace to the world, who were previously only a nuisance to themselves.

Communism is a third theory of what to do about humanity. It is a very complete and consistent one, for it solves every known human problem in thoroughgoing fashion, by killing the soul and enslaving the body of man.

The truth of Christ, which liberates man from his own weakness and teaches him how to build a civiliza-

**Cardinal
Mooney,
of
Detroit:**



The Church in America is only beginning to offer her best gift to the missions. The best gift is not money but missionaries. "Faith comes by hearing," and the Gospel must be preached by human tongues and lips. Yes, more priests, Brothers, and Sisters dedicated entirely to the missions — these will be our best mission gift.

tion of moral law and brotherly love, is the fourth possible choice.

In espousing one or the other of these four plans, most men will be actuated by their own class prejudice, rather than by any objective love of humanity. But those who are guided by a sincere concern for their brother men will find little difficulty in making a choice. The choice is a restricted one; the possibilities are few.

King's Highway

If paganism, machine-age materialism, and communism represent the only other serious claimants for the soul of man in this day and age, the Catholic religion stands pre-eminent in its moral integrity and spiritual beauty as the answer to the needs of man. Prejudice and preconception undoubtedly will continue to prevent a just consideration of its claims in many circles; but its monopoly in the field of moral principle will surely lessen and dissipate their effect in great measure, particularly among the pagan races.

Only apostate Christians are biased against morality and religion as such; whereas, all pagan people are deeply conscious of the need of religion and morality. Such people honor virtue. They respect good character. And they are seekers by definition. They look for a better hope in a world of disillusion. The difficulties of convincing them of spiritual truth are, indeed, not small,

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll F. O., New York

but the difficulties are only those common to human nature or inherent in the particular situation:

Pagan people have heard, and will continue to hear, many misrepresentations about the Catholic religion. But they have not been trained and schooled in those misrepresentations for centuries, nor are they quite so simple as to credit hearsay completely and unquestioningly. The main mood of pagan people is one of dissatisfaction with the substitutes they have. Their reluctance can be conquered by a charity that will demonstrate to them the riches of Christ.



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MARYKNOLL BROTHERS TRAIN AT AKRON

A FEW MINUTES from downtown Akron, Ohio, is the novitiate for Maryknoll Brothers. Here the postulant Brothers are trained physically, mentally, and spiritually, with the accent on the last.

Men between the ages of 21 and 30 years of age (exception to this is made for ex-servicemen), who have some technical or commercial ability that will qualify them to do important work for the missions, may apply to enter the Maryknoll Brothers.



Quiz

WHERE IS IT?

Sharpen up your memory and see how many of the Maryknoll mission lands described below you can get. Clues are progressive; point score is behind each hint. Take score of the hint that gives you the answer. Then check bottom of page.



1. The Land of Mama Ocello

The ladies wear hats made of plaster (25) . . . Its area is in the torrid zone, but part of it sometimes is like the Arctic (20) . . . The people's fuel is llama dung (15) . . . It has no seacoast (10) . . . It is named after "The Great Liberator," Simon Bolivar (5).

2. Land of Pig Bristles

In two fifths of its area, 99% of its people dwell (25) . . . It yields half the world's supply of tungsten (20) . . . Only 1% of its people are Catholics (15) . . . Paper and gunpowder were invented here many years ago (10) . . . Its borders touch the U.S.S.R. more than do those of any other nation (5).

3. Land of Colors

Half of its population is pure Indian, speaking 22 dialects (25) . . . The law requires its citizens to work 150 days a year (20) . . . Three annual crops of corn, two of wheat, are raised (15) . . . Once it was a center for Spanish mission activity (10) . . . It is second most-populous country in Central America (5).

4. Land of Flowers

The chrysanthemum is the national flower (25) . . . One of its islands produces most of the world's camphor (20) . . . Its manufacturers are great imitators (15) . . . An American is its governor (10) . . . It is known for earthquakes, typhoons, and tidal waves (5).



ANSWERS: 1. Bolivia; 2. China; 3. Guatemala; 4. Japan.



For Pleasure in Giving . . .

Educate a Young Man for the Priesthood

HUNDREDS OF YOUNG MEN (many of them veterans) have applied for training as Maryknoll missionaries. Since the war we accepted all we could; training missionaries is our reason for existence. But we are hard put to find room for these future missionaries.

We double-decked bunks; we crowded classrooms; we called missionaries home from abroad to teach. We squeezed 800 students into seminaries built for about 400 — but even so, we did not solve our problem for long. To take all qualified applicants, requires more space. To refuse qualified applicants is inconsistent with our purpose. Since more space is the only answer, we have begun to build at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago, Illinois.

We invite you to join our Brick-a-Month Club. All that we do, is done under God, by your consent and with your support. Perhaps you would care to send an offering of \$1, \$2, or more, monthly, for bricks and mortar, lumber and glass — so that, when Our Lord sends us men for His missions, we need not fail American youths who wish to be missionary priests, or the people in mission lands who need them.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York.

I enclose \$_____ and will send this sum monthly, on receipt of your reminders, as a member of the Glen Ellyn Brick-a-Month Club.

I enclose \$_____ as a "stringless" gift for the Glen Ellyn Seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



TEMBLOR

Maryknoller on Scene of Fukui, Disaster

ONE MORNING, several months ago, the 100,000 people of Fukui, Japan, were going about their daily tasks. Suddenly, the ground began to rumble — then roar. Great fissures and cracks broke open (*lower left*). Buildings trembled and fell into weird, contorted shapes (*upper left*). Within a few minutes, 90% of the city was destroyed by the quake, and refugees (*lower right*) were fleeing the burning ruins.



When news of the disaster reached Kyoto, 135 miles away, Maryknoll's Father Leo Steinbach, known widely for his relief activities, sped into action. He filled a truck with medical supplies and clothing, took along a doctor and a helper, and started for the disaster scene. Twelve other helpers, from the Kyoto St. Vincent de Paul Society, were instructed to follow him to Fukui with supplies.

At the quake site, Father Steinbach set up temporary headquarters in a tent. The people were gathered into central areas (*upper right*), and relief work began. Father and his helpers canvassed the near-by villages for food for the homeless. There are fewer Catholics in Fukui than anywhere else in Japan. This demonstration of the Church's charity can mean much.



With the Maryknoll Sisters

JAPAN • MANCHURIA • KOREA • HAWAII
PHILIPPINES • PANAMA • NICARAGUA
CHINA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA • CAROLINE ISLANDS

The first Sisters ever to be on the Palau Islands are getting settled now, in their primitive convent at Korror, principal settlement of the Palaus, in the Southwest Pacific.

They will augment the pitifully small group of priests and Sisters (a mere handful of each) who must "cover" the Caroline and Marshall Islands Vicariate. There are 2,000,000 square miles of it, mostly under water; 50,000 people live on the 1,500 islands.

The postman won't be making his rounds twice a day, nor will the grocer be just down the street. The inventions of Mr. Bell, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Edison probably will be unknown. But the Maryknollers will exult in being the very first Catholic Sisters to work on the Palaus.

SMOKE-SCREEN COW

LAI-PAC ME'S HUSBAND opposed her efforts to be a Catholic. She thought of a scheme and plans to try it tomorrow. She will leave the house with the family cow, but instead of taking it out to pasture, she will tie it outside the church and come in for a visit. I have promised to be waiting for her.

—*Sister Mary Paulita, Kaying, China.*

A Woman Says No She was a mere nothing in the tribal scheme — just a girl to be married to another Igorot from a neighboring village in northern Luzon. But Virginia was a Catholic, the only baptized member of the clan. She knew the Faith, and she attended Mass at the Sisters' convent. When the old people tried to make her go through the pagan marriage ceremony, Virginia refused. Imagine it—a girl refused! "I will not marry except in the presence of a priest of the True Religion," she said, and that was that. It took some tenacity, some tact, and some prayer. But in the end, the *apos* (her grandparents) made arrangements with the priest. "It is best," they said, "to see what the God of All commands us to do."

—*Sister Mary Isabel (Garvey), of Buffalo, N. Y., in Baguio, Mountain Province, Philippines.*

Dash for Freedom Charles James, two years old and colored, looked longingly across the vast expanse of street, sidewalk, and steps, which separated him from the children in our kindergarten playground. Suddenly he dashed off his porch and, with his mother in hot pursuit, ran all the way to the yard — right into Sister's arms.



A circle of boys and girls in Calacala, Bolivia, learns a new game from Sister Francis Jerome (Callert) of Detroit, Mich.



The whole world of the Pacific meets in Hawaii. Here is Sister Roberta (King) of Lynn, Mass., with a group of youngsters in the local Catholic schools.



So the mother and Sister started talking. "I always wanted the Catholic Faith," Mrs. James said.

As she was speaking, Father Swift happened along. He gladly gave her a catechism and arranged to go to her home to give instructions. Her husband and an older son will study, too.

— *Sister Mary Bernardus (Lonergan), of Somerville, Mass., in Seattle, Wash.*

The Ancestors Lose We went on a visit to an old man who was very sick. Sister tried to get him interested in the doctrine, but he said: "My ancestors were never baptized. Where they are, I wish to go."

When next we visited the old man, we found his attitude completely changed. He asked for baptism.

The man's wife had been coming regularly to the dispensary for medicine for him. "My husband has changed because you continue to give him the medicine, even though he is unwilling to listen to any of your doctrine," she explained.

We were pleased with his request for baptism, as he was failing rapidly.

— *Sister Monica Marie (Boyle), of Philadelphia, in Loting, China.*

Piano Deal The music teacher at the public school had a good piano for

sale, and we needed a piano very much. We visited the teacher. Her husband had died recently and she was in mourning. She told us the story of the piano.

Originally, it came from Germany to La Paz, where her father bought it many years ago. It traveled from La Paz to Porvenir by launch—a long, slow trip. It was landed in Porvenir during the rainy season, when roads were impassable. Awaiting the dry season, her father had a special oxcart made for it. Then, the piano was brought to Cobija.

At this point in the story, a little girl brought in a refreshing drink, which tasted like ginger water.

"What do you think of a girl," asked the music teacher, "who wants to receive First Communion, but who will not study her prayers?"

At these words we were startled. We had understood the situation to be quite different. We had tried to get the child to attend catechism but this teacher, her employer, had objected to releasing her for even such a short time.

Wonder of wonders, we not only secured our piano, but got Laura to class, and won a friend, who has now taken up the practice of the Faith.

— *Sister M. Kateri (Peltier) of Milwaukee, Wis., in Cobija, Bolivia.*

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$_____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

CATHOLIC, PROTESTANT AND BUDDHIST

Japan's university students are on the hunt

THE search for religion, by local university students, grows more intense each day. Where schools do not supply the answer to their problems, many students are taking matters in their own hands and inviting speakers to come and tell them where they might find truth.

Recently one such meeting invited religious leaders to outline their doctrines for the benefit of a large student audience. The invited speakers were Monsignor Paul Furuya, Prefect Apostolic of Kyoto, a Lutheran minister, a Buddhist priest. A United States officer, adept in Japanese and much interested in the study of comparative religions, attended the lectures and recorded his impressions for the Maryknoll Fathers in Kyoto.

"Your bishop was the only one of the three speakers who was on time," he remarked. "A group of more than two hundred had assembled, so he began almost at once. He talked for an hour, but the easy flow of his language and the logical sequence of his theory made it so interesting that he held his audience captivated throughout. I scarcely realized he had been talking for an hour. I asked



by John C. Murrett

a student sitting near me what he thought of the talk, and got the assurance that it was very convincing.

"The next speaker spoke partly in Japanese and partly in English. It was quite a let-down from the first talk, and many of the boys at first got restless, and then got up and walked out. Less than half the number were still present when he finished, a long hour later.

"The third speaker was very difficult to follow. I felt at first that it must have been my poor command of the language, but a student near by assured me that he, too, failed to follow the line of reasoning — if there was a line. All in all, your man won the day, and I shouldn't be surprised if many of those boys have him back again for talks enlarging on the points of his outline."

As a matter of fact, the students decided on that very course, at their next meeting. The lectures draw a large audience, and about eighty of the students have begun private instructions in Christian Doctrine. There are now five series of weekly lectures by Catholic priests, all of whom report a goodly attendance of keenly interested young men.



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Charming CHRISTMAS CARDS

We will imprint your name on orders of not less than 100 cards.

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Write your name clearly, exactly as you want it reproduced. No imprint orders accepted after November 25.



☐ **JESUS COMES FOR EVERYBODY** — A new look at God, how He made His world, why and how Jesus was born, how He spent His boyhood, how He came not for any single people or race, but for the sons and daughters of all mankind. Illustrated in color. Garden City. \$1.00

☐ **NEW DAWN IN JAPAN** — Fr. Briggs presents an excellent combination of a vivid, "I was there" story and a background summary of Christianity in Japan. Longmans. \$3.00



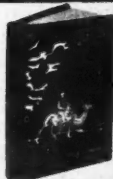
☐ **MY BOOK ABOUT GOD** — This beautiful picture book in simple words and many lovely colored pictures tells us that God is our Father and that all people everywhere are His children. Both author and artist are Maryknoll Sisters. Macmillan. \$2.00

MY BOOK ABOUT GOD



☐ **THE CHURCH'S WORLD WIDE MISSION** — Bp. J. E. Walsh reminds us in this beautifully written book that God has plans for all mankind. Benziger. \$3.00

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THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

Please send the books checked and _____ Christmas cards. Imprint my name as follows: _____ \$ _____ enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

CHINA... SOUTH OF THE LOOP

In the heart of Chicago's Chinatown is the Mission of St. Thomas. Maryknoll's Fr. Martin Burke is pastor. In this body of Americans from China, many new Catholics are baptized each year. In one ceremony, shown here, Mrs. Jane Goon, 75, and Pui Lee, four, were the oldest and youngest of the ten converts.





The mission conducts a grammar school. (Above) A School Sister of Notre Dame and some of her pupils. One mother attends school to learn English.



The second-floor chapel of the mission is in the Chinese style. The mission plays host to many distinguished guests. (Below) Father Burke and his altar boys were "snapped" with China's Cardinal Tien, when he visited.



The Maryknoll Roundup

Sports Manager. "The life of a sports manager in Africa is a sad one," reports Father Joseph M. Glynn, of Dorchester, Mass., now in Tanganyika.

"I thought it would be a swell idea to organize a soccer league. Think of all the good will we could engender, all the friendly companionship we could create! The response was overwhelming: every village wanted a ball. I found myself the proud head of the North Mara Athletic Association. First game was scheduled for Kowak. First argument: Whose ball will be used? It was but the beginning of a litany of queer questions that never arise at home. Principal problem now is to get a team to play away from home. One home team after another reports having killed the fatted calf, in preparation for visitors, only to find that the visitors don't show up!"



Father Glynn

Seminary Candidates "Magistrate Au greeted Father Fedders in the reception room of the Wuchow seminary," relates Father Cyril V. Hirst, of Philadelphia, now in Wuchow, South China. "The magistrate is a non-Christian, but so well disposed that some day grace



Father Hirst

may lift him up by the boot straps and hurl him into the Church; but at the moment, there is the question of concubines. 'Father, I want my two nephews to enter the seminary,' stated Mr. Au. 'But they are not Catholics yet, Mr. Au,' noted Father Fedders. 'No matter, Shen Fu; I'll make them study. Think of all the English they'll learn!' 'But you understand the strict rules, the absence of recompense, the life of sacrifice?' 'Oh, yes!' 'And you know, of course, that they must never marry, can never have children?' There was a long pause and deep silence. Then: 'Well, Shen Fu, I guess the life would be too hard, after all. Many thanks!' It seemed vaguely to come home to the magistrate that his nephews would not make priests."

Soldier Boy. "People ask what kind of Christians the Chinese make," writes Father Edward C. Youker, of Syracuse, N.Y., now in Kongmoon, South China. "One of my boys, John Cheou, was killed recently, and the fine letter that the local missionary, Father Lafleche, S. J., wrote about him prompts me to cite him as an example. John was born in our mountains and baptized in his teens. He joined the army during the war, and by sheer excellence advanced to the rank of lieutenant.



Father Youker

Death came to him in active service. 'Two days before his death,' wrote Father Lafleche, 'John went to confession and Communion, here in Tangshan. He was a frequent caller at our mission while he was stationed here, and I noticed that he regularly made visits to the Blessed Sacrament. He was a genuinely good Christian.' Every friend of the missions can be proud of John Cheou."

Competition for Padre. "One Sunday recently," writes Father August R. Kircher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., now in Santa Cruz, Bolivia, "while Father



Father Kircher

Denis Browne was delivering his carefully prepared sermon, a woman started up the main aisle on her knees. She was evidently fulfilling a promise she had made in return for a favor. What should he do, Father Browne asked himself. If he let her continue, she would distract the congregation; if he tried

to stop her, he might forget his sermon. The young priest took the safer course. The woman finally reached the altar rail and remained kneeling till the sermon was finished."

All Souls. "Over seven hundred Catholics gathered in our country cemetery for All Souls Day," Father Vincent M. Cowan, of Oakland, Calif., now in Portezuelo, Chile, reported last year. "They arrived on foot, by horseback, and by oxcart. Mass was said in our new cemetery chapel, and the Women's Society supplied a hot breakfast for all who wished to mark the day by receiving Holy Communion. Everybody brought lunch, since it is customary here to make a day of it in honor of the beloved dead. In the afternoon, there was the blessing of individual graves. We had repaired the earthquake damage of eight years ago, and the cemetery was very tidy."



Father Cowan

MARYKNOLL HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES

Maryknoll Brothers' Novitiate
1075 W. Market Street
AKRON 3, Ohio

Maryknoll Novitiate
The Maryknoll Fathers
BEDFORD, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
71 Jewett Parkway
BUFFALO 14, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior College
LAKEWOOD, N. J.

426 S. Boyle Avenue
LOS ANGELES 33, Calif.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
6700 Beechmont Avenue
CINCINNATI, 30, Ohio

Maryknoll Apostolic College
CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
20 Newton Street
BROOKLINE 46, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
9001 Dexter Blvd.
DETROIT 6, Mich.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
1421 N. Astor Street
CHICAGO 10, Ill.

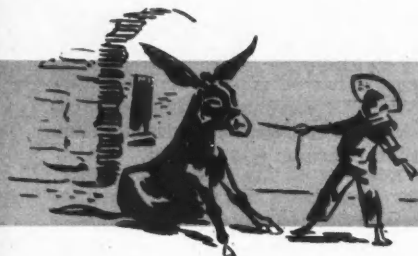
Maryknoll Junior Seminary
MOUNTAIN VIEW, Calif.

121 E. 39th Street
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
4569 W. Pine Blvd.
ST. LOUIS 8, Mo.

1492 McAllister Street
SAN FRANCISCO 15, Calif.

514-16th Avenue
SEATTLE 22, Wash.



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

How to Win Friends. People come to the mission sick and distressed. We do what we can for them, gaining their gratitude and loyalty thereby. That is why a dispensary is valuable in making converts. The sum of \$1,000 would house, equip and supply one in China. The donor's name could be given to the dispensary.

Going to the Bad — young folks at Father Smith's mission in Chile, for lack of anywhere else to go! That is why Father wants \$300 to open a social center — game room, library, meeting hall.

Why Do Missioners want trucks and horses and motorcycles and bicycles and outboard motors? Because getting around, covering territory, takes much of their time. One Maryknoller with fast transportation can do more than five without it. It costs about \$6,000 to train a priest, and \$1,000 to buy a motorboat. Father Dan-ehy needs a boat to reach his people along Bolivian river banks.

Medals and Holy Pictures — to be had at a cost of 20c each, are needed by Father Carroll in Korea. Who will give?

When the Motor Hums, the Organ Sings. Pumped by hand, in Bolivia, Father Kircher's church organ wheezes; with an electric motor doing the work, it sings. The motor will cost \$350 installed. Music-lovers are asked to aid.

In Two Places at Once. The missioner can win converts while the catechist trains and instructs those already won! Who will give \$15 a month to double Father Bernard F. Meyer's working capacity, at his mission in Canton, China?

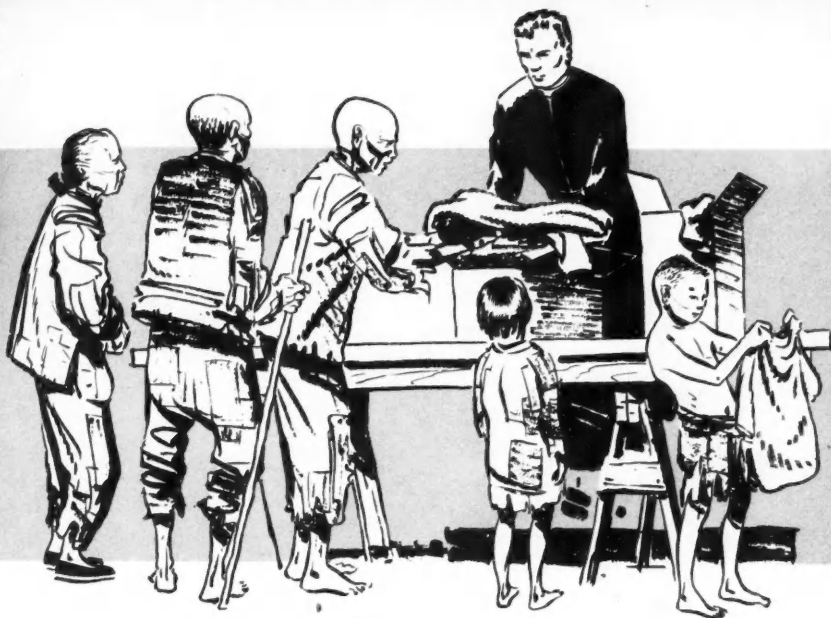
For Father Graham in Bolivia, we are asked to secure \$20 to buy altar cloths, \$12 for altar cards, and \$35 for gasoline for a motorboat.

A Harp Without Strings is useless; but a gift without strings is extra welcome, for it can be used to meet general needs. The Maryknoll charity fund needs such gifts: \$1, \$5, \$10 — or whatever you can spare.

From Korea, where for years no missions could operate, Maryknollers ask for vestments and altar fittings. Albs, cinctures, stoles, surplices, altar cloths, altar cards, candlesticks, cruets, Mass wine, flour for making hosts — all are needed. The sum of \$400 will pay for them. Will you give part?

Who Will Give a tabernacle for the Maryknoll seminary, Glen Ellyn? The cost will be \$150. The donor's name will be inscribed on the tabernacle, as a memorial.

Heal the Sick! You may not be a doctor but you can obey this command if you furnish funds for medicines to be used at our various missions in Africa. A month's supply can be bought for \$25.



WHAT A MISSIONER CAN DO

In China: One priest is instructing 8,000 people in preparation for Baptism; 1,000 souls were received into the Church in his mission in 1947.

In Japan: A Maryknoll missionary distributes food to 1,050 destitute Japanese every Saturday, teaching these people the meaning of Christian charity.

In Africa: Maryknoll priests are winning thousands from their superstitions every year.

In Latin America: When one Maryknoller made the first tour of his mission, he learned that he was shepherd of 90,000 people who had not seen a priest for 15 years. He baptized 5,000 on that trip.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You may wish to help us perform the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. You can do so by making a gift to the Maryknoll Charity Fund. Any gift, large or small, will be welcome and it will be used in Asia, Africa, or Latin America.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



PRETTY CLOTHES, NO MAMA. An American photographer discovered this burst of color in postwar Korea, at an orphanage where Maryknoll's Father George Carroll is a frequent visitor.

